Kiss from a Rose

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/26142499.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Beverly Katz/Margot Verger
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Beverly Katz, Margot Verger
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Flower Shop, florist Will, Baker Hannibal, getting ready for the big day, well Bev and Margot's big day, in fact they're nearly late for it, Established Relationship, deliberate misuse of flowers, self-consciousness regarding kinks, but as always Hannibal helps Will to relax with himself, Rimming, Anal Fingering
Language:	English
Series:	Part 27 of Bellarai Write AU_gust 2020
Collections:	AUgust 2020
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-27 Words: 3,282 Chapters: 1/1

Kiss from a Rose

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Summary

"Very good, Will. Shall we make this a little game, hm?" Hannibal places the blue thistle on the table beside Will's face, filling his nostrils with the scent.

"What are the odds?"

Notes

Day 27 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Flower Shop

Hannigram are brought together as members of Margot and Beverly's wedding and also their baker and florist since they own shops across a courtyard from each other! They are doing more than just wedding planning...

See the end of the work for more notes

“You’re missing a boutonniere.”

Will grits his teeth against the smooth accent that rolls over him as he hastily puts together a bridesmaids’ bouquet, well aware Hannibal’s keen gaze is studying every facet of the chaos that surrounds him. “I’m not *missing* anything,” Will replies gruffly. “It’s a special version for the best man; I only got the pin they wanted to use for it yesterday and had to leave it in back while the glue dried overnight,” Will explains as he begins adding lavender twined with blue thistle into the arrangement. “Don’t you have your own preparations to oversee?” He tacks on, perhaps a bit snippily.

“My delivery was finalized last night, dear Will. Unlike *some,* I’m rather more capable of staying on top of my schedule.”

“The damn thing fell over in the night,” Will snaps back, placing the last stem of blue thistle and reaching for the cream lace to wrap the stems together. “A third of the flowers were either bruised or missing petals altogether. I *had* to redo it. Look, go get the damn bout if you have nothing better to do. It’s in the back on a workstation along the west wall, third table from the left. If you make it to the fluted vases you’ve gone too far.”

“Such specific instructions,” Hannibal teases.

Will is in no mood to be teased. “I know every damn inch of this store. Why you would think otherwise is beyond me.”

He stiffens when the heat of the other man is suddenly encompassing his back, Hannibal’s broad palm sliding smoothly and quickly into place over Will’s eyes. “If you know so much,” Hannibal’s smoky accent pours directly into Will’s ear, along with the warm puff of his breath, and Will’s stomach immediately and traitorously clenches with desire. “Perhaps you can tell me what bloom I just found at the display behind you and to your right. Here’s a hint…”

Will shivers as Hannibal drags the flower down his bare forearm, the silken petals pulling goosebumps in its wake. He mentally catalogues the displays that surround this section of the store, focuses on dainty, almost bristled brushes of numerous and thin petals that drift across his skin. “Gerbera daisy,” he announces confidently.

Hannibal’s lips drag down the shell of his ear, place a soft kiss to his neck just behind it where he knows Will is most sensitive. “Very good. Though I wonder if I can test your knowledge more thoroughly…”

His hand leaves Will’s eyes, and Will can feel the man shifting behind him, can hear the brush of silk as he begins loosening his tie. Will could open his eyes now, if he wanted to, but opts to keep them closed, to await Hannibal’s next move, intrigued even as he’s sure he knows what’s about to happen.

Hannibal doesn’t hesitate to place the fabric over Will’s eyes, wrapping it around his skull to tie off snugly at the back of his head. “Stay right there, darling. We’ll see just how well you

know your store.”

Will stays, placing his hands on the worktable before him for support as he listens to Hannibal drift about his space, humming softly as he does...whatever the hell he’s doing. Will doesn’t dare peek, certain that Hannibal would know if he did, more certain that he doesn’t wish to dispel the excited curiosity twisting warmly in his gut.

The smell of fresh flowers is vibrant and strong in his nostrils when Hannibal returns to him, too many too close together to easily tell them apart. Hannibal’s broad hand meets the middle of Will’s back, gently applying pressure until Will takes the hint and bends his body at the waist until his chest is pressed to the workstation before him, hands naturally stretching forward to grip the other edge of the table.

Hannibal places the little bundle of collected flowers in the dip of Will’s back, his palm warm and heavy through the material of Will’s sweat-warmed shirt, lingering there for only a moment before he pulls the shirt free of Will’s slacks and shifts it up his back, exposing his lower back to Hannibal’s touch and gaze.

He pulls one of the flowers from the bunch, dragging it along the arch of Will’s spine. He feels the tickling pricks of dry stems and knows what it is easily. “The blue thistle,” he’s sure of it, has handled it enough over the last weeks while creating bouquets and table arrangements that it feels like an impression on his skin.

“Very good, Will. Shall we make this a little game, hm?” Hannibal places the blue thistle on the table beside Will’s face, filling his nostrils with the scent.

“What are the odds?”

“Three more flowers, three more guesses. If you miss a single guess, I win. If you manage to guess all three accurately, you win.” Hannibal procures his next flower, tracing the soft, silken petals against Will’s flank.

“What does the winner get?”

“Let’s call it a surprise, shall we?” Hannibal taunts, the flower crawling higher along Will’s exposed back. Hannibal rucks his shirt higher, and the flower makes a detour to Will’s front, eliciting a full-bodied shiver and a surge of warm arousal to clench in his gut when the silken petals drift teasingly over one of his nipples.

“Dahlia,” Will announces confidently, if not a bit shakily, absolutely certain the rounded, smooth feel is that of the red and white flowers from the table decorations.

“Hm, quite so.”

Hannibal moves quickly, reaching a hand around to unzip Will’s pants and yank them down his legs, trapping him in place with his pants wrapped around his mid-thighs. The air is cool on his warm flesh, and he shifts as much as he’s able to adjust to the new positioning.

Moments later, Hannibal is again tracing a flower along his body, this time dragging the delicate petals between his cheeks and across his balls, drifting lower still to his leaking cockhead. Will hadn't even realized how quickly he'd grown hard until the soft bloom is caressed against his erection, and as Hannibal begins the slow ascent back up his body, the sensitive skin of Will's shaft is pricked by something sharp, pulling a hiss from between his teeth.

"The *rose,"* He growls, body arching into the pain despite the faint tang of copper on the air. "Watch the thorns, will you?"

"Which color of rose?"

"That wasn't part of the deal. Hardly a fair game if you expect me to guess the flower *and* color in a shop with such an outstanding selection and variety." Hannibal merely awaits his guess, and beneath his blindfold Will rolls his eyes at Hannibal's silence, stepping on his tiptoes to keep the petals against his body as Hannibal begins to move it away. "Orange."

"You're quite good at this game, Will. Have you played it before?" The words are teasing, delivered right against the shell of his ear, but Will can sense something mischievous within them, his body growing taut in anticipation.

The next touch is soft, gentle, a barely there caress of sensation along his lower stomach that is vastly overpowered by the hot puffs of air spilling directly into Will's ear when Hannibal remains bent over his back. "Baby's breath."

"It's actually the heather," Will can *hear* Hannibal's smirk as the man pulls the flowers and his touch away from Will's skin and places the stem down beside his face on the table, the unmistakable scent of the bright pink blooms obvious now.

"Two out of three isn't bad," Will points out, his words catching slightly in his throat as Hannibal suddenly tugs his pants down farther still.

"Certainly not," Hannibal agrees lightly. "But neither is it a perfect score, and that was the requirement we agreed upon, wasn't it?"

"So you win," Will relents, able to absorb the blow to his pride as an anxious eagerness overtakes him. He's desperately aroused by Hannibal's teasing, aching to have him inside. "Your prize is, what, to fuck me over this bench until I'm sobbing for you? Go right ahead."

"I'll have you sobbing," Hannibal confirms softly, and the smug victory that rings so clearly in his thick accent does not, as anticipated, irritate Will, but sends an unusual thrill of trepidation through him. "Though by my *own* means, of course. I long to touch you in a way you seldom allow, too caught up in your own mind, self-consciousness souring your arousal to embarrassment until you inevitably refuse me, even though you long to say *yes."*

Will's stomach drops, knowing where Hannibal is going with this and suddenly terrified for it, though no less aroused; his cock still hangs heavy between his legs, leaking constantly and aching to be touched. He can feel Hannibal shift behind him until he's on his knees, a shaky breath pulled from him when Hannibal's lips ghost over the swell of his ass. In the span of a

shaky pull of breath, Hannibal has both hands on his cheeks, spreading him wide, and Will feels utterly *exposed,* a gasping *oh* pulled from his heaving lungs.

“In all our times together, you’ve only allowed this a few times, your inhibitions lowered as you plied them with alcohol. I’ve respected the boundaries you’ve set, even though the both of us know you aren’t being honest with your desires. I long to see what sounds I can pull from you sober. Wish to have you quake apart with only *me* to intoxicate you.”

Hannibal’s warm breath spills over Will’s hole, no doubt furled tensely in his anxiety. Will awaits the inevitable wet heat that’s to come, and is surprised when Hannibal’s voice sounds once more. “Will you let me, Will?”

Will swallows around the thick lump in his throat, pressing his forehead to the table as he releases his answer on a shaky breath before he can rethink it.

“Yes.”

Hannibal hums in response, and seconds after Will’s answer he feels Hannibal’s tongue, warm and wet and firm against his hole. Hannibal drags his tongue in long strokes at first, licking all the way down to Will’s balls and then back up, focusing teasing flicks against his rim.

His large palms hold Will open for him, and Will’s stomach clenches in embarrassed pleasure, the idea of Hannibal being so close to Will’s most intimate parts something that terrifies him and arouses him in equal measure. He can’t deny how *good* it feels to have the man practically worshipping him, Hannibal’s tongue pointed firmly against Will’s entrance, slipping in just the tiniest amount past the resistance of his rim.

“Hannibal, fuck,” Will groans, unable to hold in his desire. It feels like anything but a lost game, and though he would never have asked for this as his prize, he can’t help but feel as though he’s won something far more precious than Hannibal has, this powerful, dignified man reduced to something raw and just as open as Will himself is.

“Absolutely divine. If we had the time I would stay between your thighs all night. I’d wake you in the morning with my tongue buried inside of you until you were begging me to replace it with my cock, and only then would I fuck into you and fill you how you so desperately desired.” Hannibal’s breath is warm puffs between Wil’s cheeks, his words spoken so close to Will’s lax hole that he can feel the rumble of them in his cock. The filth drips from Hannibal’s lips and seems only to incense him further, the other man throwing himself back between Will’s legs with a fervor, licking and sucking at his rim like he’s been starving and only Will can nourish him.

“Please, Hannibal, inside. Want you inside,” Will pleads, but Hannibal ignores him, or perhaps he’s too enthralled in Will’s clenching body to hear him. He doesn’t relent, the teasing flicks of his tongue growing more and more purposeful until Will’s thighs are shaking and he feels dangerously close to orgasm.

“I can’t fuck you like I know you need,” Hannibal speaks for the first time in several minutes, and it shocks Will enough that his muscles tense and jump beneath his skin, but he doesn’t

move from his position. “However, I’m sure we can find a compromise there as well.”

Hannibal’s voice is thick with lust, and Will finds himself curious as to what the man means to do with him. He doesn’t have to wonder for long, the sound of Hannibal spitting lewd and loud in the relative quiet of the shop. Will moans in response before he even feels the tip of Hannibal’s middle finger teasing along his entrance, desperately trying to spread his legs wider but stopped by the confines of his pants wrapped around his thighs.

There is little resistance from Will’s relaxed body, Hannibal’s finger sinking easily inside of him up to the second knuckle, aided by his spit and Will’s pliant rim. Will expects Hannibal to fuck him with his fingers only, now, to fill him as best he can with limited time and resources and a tight deadline to make it to the venue. But Hannibal simply leans back between Will’s spread open cheeks and laps at him around where his finger is buried, pulling a pleading groan from Will’s throat.

“Need more,” Will whines pitifully, shifting his hips as much as he’s able to encourage Hannibal to sink deeper into him.

“I’m afraid this is all you’ll be receiving,” Hannibal informs him, his mouth still so close to him that his lips brush across Will’s rim as he speaks. “You’ll just have to make due. And I suggest you do so quickly, dear Will, as the clock *is* ticking.”

“Hannibal,” Will begins in an admonishing growl, diminishing quickly to another embarrassing, strangled whine as Hannibal’s tongue slips past his rim to join his finger inside. "Oh, *God,"* he moans, dropping his forehead to the table once more as he heaves for a full breath. “Fuck, that feels - *fuck,* it’s *good,* Hannibal,” Will sobs, his hips twitching desperately as his stomach clenches fiercely once more, his balls drawing tight. He’s so close to the edge of release, just needs a *little* more -

Hannibal gives a hum of approval to Will’s needy whines, the sound rumbling against and *into* him, and Will clenches up and comes with a strangled shout. Hannibal draws his tongue back the moment Will seizes up, but plunges the finger teasing him as far as it can reach, crooking it expertly to press unyieldingly against Will’s prostate, sending another crushing wave of pleasure to surge through him, swelling in his chest and clogging his throat, drowning him -

He’s not certain if it’s Hannibal’s hand caressing his sweaty curls or his soothing voice at his ear that pulls Will back to solid ground. All he knows is that one moment he was lost to the hypnotic ebb and flow of the aftermath of ecstasy, his body heavy and lax to the tide, and the next he is back in his shop, bent uncomfortably over his workstation, pants wrapped tight around his knees, face wet with tears he hadn’t even realized he’d shed.

He blinks blearily, and Hannibal must realize when he’s returned to the moment fully, because his head dips into Will’s vision, a pleased smile twisting his mouth and adoration warm in his eyes. “Alright, darling?”

Will releases a shaky breath and nod, pushing himself up from the desk, hissing in pain when he flexes his hands and sees deep furrows along his palms where he’d been gripping the edge

of the table for dear life, as though it were the only vessel to keep him afloat in the storm he'd just weathered.

But that's not right, he realizes as soon as the image enters his mind. Because it's *Hannibal* that keeps him afloat. Always has been.

"Yeah," he murmurs with a sniff, wiping at his damp cheeks before turning his attention to doing up his pants. He's glad to see his release made more a mess of his table and the floor than himself; he *really* doesn't have time to go home and change.

Hannibal's hand cradles his jaw, warm and gentle, as his mouth drops down to place a chaste kiss at his temple, his lips shifting to rest at Will's ear afterwards. "You'll let me do that more often, won't you?"

"Yeah," Will agrees on a shaky breath, his stomach giving another twist at the very thought. "We, uh. We need to get moving. We're expected at the venue in thirty minutes."

Hannibal hums his agreement, straightening with a nod. "Indeed. Well, I'll leave you to finish up your packing. It's time I got my van loaded." He drifts to the front door of the shop, which Will only then realizes is a direct line of vision back to the station he's at, and his cheeks flame at the thought of anybody having been strolling by being gifted a free show. "Don't forget the boutonniere in back," Hannibal reminds him. "Oh, and Will?"

Will pulls his attention from double-checking the bouquets before him to the man standing paused in the open doorway, looking infuriatingly put together considering what he was doing only minutes before. Hannibal's lips twist slightly, the flash of a wry smirk there and gone as he gives a quick wink. "Good game."

Will considers chucking the vase next to him at the man's head and making up some horrible accident to explain to Bev why they're down one table arrangement.

The wedding had been beautiful, as Hannibal had known it would be. He returns to his bakery late into the night, having promised the new brides he would take care of saving them a slice of their wedding cake to enjoy upon their return from their honeymoon.

He pauses when he reaches the kitchen; dark, but not uninhabited. He'd be more concerned about this if he couldn't smell the familiar aftershave of his favorite florist, the heady notes of simmering arousal already cutting through the bite of the cheap cologne. His eyes adjust quickly to the darkened room, gaze drawn to the white slip of fabric that rests on a folding chair along the back wall. Hannibal drifts over to it, mouth twitching into a smile when the heat of Will appears at his back and the man's hands pluck up the blindfold and cover Hannibal's eyes.

"Good evening, Will," Hannibal purrs, delighted already by unfolding events. "May I ask what this is?"

Will turns him when his vision has been successfully obscured, guiding him back to sit in the waiting chair. “This,” Will murmurs, swinging a leg over Hannibal’s own to straddle him and settling himself comfortably in Hannibal’s lap, “is *my turn.”*

Will has prepared for whatever his game is, and reaches over to pluck something off the counter beside them. The soft snap of a plastic lid being cracked open breaks the silence around them, immediately followed by the scent of sugar and cream. Will has raided Hannibal’s cooler, found his frostings.

The florist dips his head down, lips just barely brushing against Hannibal’s own when he whispers, low and teasing. “Guess the flavor.”

He leans back briefly, body shifting as he dips into whatever container of frosting he’s decided to begin with, and then his mouth is at Hannibal’s once more, and Hannibal opens for him instinctively, arousal pooling warm and fluid in his belly at the taste of lavender and vanilla buttercream on Will’s tongue.

They’re only beginning, but Hannibal is fairly certain he’s going to enjoy this game.

End Notes

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'Til next time! 💚 💜 BellaRai

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